

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

## THE

# INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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## Slams and Jabs.

By JAYBES.

Some members of the British Independent Labor Party gleefully announced the fact that they had managed to get Arthur Henderson to return to the fold. We of the revolutionary movement deplore the fact that the British I.L.P. proved so weak as to have anything more to do with this brotherhood of capital and labor politician. When Henderson makes a move the eyes of the revolutionaries are upon him, and all they can see is a dead fish floating with the stream.

The Senate occupied some time the other day discussing how to deal with the trusts. Over six years ago the Supreme Court of the United States fined the Standard Oil Trust 29 million dollars, which they have still to collect. This political display is intended for the Henry Dubbs and Mr. Heaps, who abound in the ranks of the labor politicians. To "Bust a Trust" is an attempt to set back the wheels of social evolution. What's the matter with socially owning the trust and the industries the trust controls? This is what the workers have done in Russia, and what the workers of Australia can do if they organise into one GREAT UNION with the revolutionary catchword: "LABOR PRODUCES ALL WEALTH AND LABOR IS OUT TO RETAIN ALL THE WEALTH IT PRODUCES." Begin to-day and join the union of your class, which is the Workers' International Industrial Union.

The pseudo Socialist Party of Victoria wonder why the A.S.P. protests against Foster or any other Labor politician attempting to pose as the representative of revolutionary thought in Australia.

If they only knew it they should thank the A.S.P. for their attitude. Had this man gone to Russia he would have cut a sorry figure indeed. With absolutely no knowledge of Marxian economics and a complete blank as far as industrial organisation is concerned he would have been looked upon as a biological monstrosity—and that's the light we view him here. Probably Lenin would have placed him on the list with Henderson, Herce, Hyndman and Kautsky.

"M. Clemenceau, on his return to Paris, expressed his complete satisfaction with the situation. 'The battle,' he stated, 'will be hard, but we will win.'—Age, 6/4/18.

"We must conquer!" the war chief cried;  
"We must win!" said the statesman keen—  
And a million men in battle died,  
And a million women wept, unseen.

But the million women that weep  
Can repress not a single tear,  
For the lives the statesmen held so cheap  
To the women were dear—most dear.

Some people do not seem to understand the difference between religion and parsimony in politics. Socialism does not attack religion. The Socialist does not care whether you are a Jew or a Scotch Presbyterian, a Roman Catholic or a Mohammedan, a Buddhist or a Seven Day Adventist. Socialism does not deal with things outside the economic needs of the working class, but it does assert that economic solidarity is the one essential thing to bring about the emancipation of the disinherited. If some person wearing the garb of the theologian interferes in our field of activity and attempts to mislead the working class we attack this person just the same as though he were a snide lawyer or a self-seeking politician. But that is not attacking religion. This last conscription issue proves this. Archbishop Mannix, of Melbourne, came out strong against conscription; he supported the workers' cause, but the workers were not all Roman Catholics. On the other hand the ministers of other religious bodies went with the forces of reac-

tion; the workers attacked them with all their might; but they did not attack religion. Had Dr. Daniel Mannix, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, taken sides with the conscriptionists, the workers would have attacked Dr. Mannix, but in attacking Dr. Mannix they would not be attacking the religion of Catholicism: they would be attacking the abuses in the name of religion.

When men hide under a black robe they are no less scoundrels than the traitor who wears ragged pants.

There seems to be a terrible scarcity of recruits now-a-days, and I can see no reason why this is so. Some time ago, when several thousand workers were striking in Victoria and N.S.W., we read in the papers that big, husky, able-bodied men, of extra special physique, were daily taking the places of the "disloyalists" who had gone on strike. There must have been at least 100,000 of such specimens. In order to show that we are not against recruiting we would advise the Defence Department to look up this band of "Loyalists" for the purpose of showing that they are still badly wanted. This would create five more divisions to reinforce the men at the front. We wait patiently for the Department to take action.

The rationalist, so-called, is the most irrational being on the planet. The rationalist is not a socialist, he is an individual who proposes to dislodge the social cancer by assassinating God and all the saints. He refuses to accept the spiritual conception of history, and he absolutely denies the economic interpretation of history, so you see, he is between the devil and the deep sea. If the rationalist relied upon reason, he would accept the economic version of history and then he would cease to be what is now known as imagination. Socialism is out to destroy Capitalism and substitute the Industrial republic of Labor where each shall receive the full reward of his own toil.

The socialist realizes that with each economic change in the mode of production, comes a corresponding change in the morals, ethics, and religion of the society existing under the change. This knowledge divides the scientific socialist from the utopian dreamer and disperses entirely with that social humbug—the "irrational rationalist."

There is something radically wrong with our social and economic conditions when the employer becomes suddenly rich while the toiler with the utmost thrift and economy scarcely keep the wolf from the door.

—Cardinal Gibbons.

There IS something RADICALLY wrong all right, and the Socialist has the only solution. In our present-day society there are only two classes. One class use the machinery of production they do not own, and the other class own the machinery they never use. This divides the world into two nations—the nation of robber producers and the nation of robber parasites. This is international. And the robbery takes place in industry. Those who perform the useful work live in misery, they are badly housed, badly clothed, badly fed and badly educated. The "wolf of want," spoken about by Cardinal Gibbons, trails them in the daytime and haunts them in their sleep. Their lot is a case of "to go to work, to earn the bread, to gain the strength, to go to work." On the other hand, those who OWN the means of life live in luxury. They have houses on the hill, by the seaside, and in the shade of the bush. They have automobiles and hired flunkies. They are able to supply dainties to some Prince Charlie spaniel that could keep some child from dying. They are well clothed: for our shoddy they wear the best of tweeds; for our paper soled shoes they can afford to have the best of leather. And all of it, even to the ribbon round the pet poodle's neck, marks the blood and tears of some underfed wage-slave. It takes a million slaves to make one millionaire. So for the one who is rich there are a million poor. The great

alteration is close at hand, in spite of the wails of the Australian Mensheviks and pseudo Socialists. The pure and simple political Socialist despairs. To him the outlook is black, but to the industrial Socialist he sees the internationally combined working class marching on to that goal of industrialist solidarity, overthrowing all obstacles that stand in the path of progress. INTERNATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY INDUSTRIALISM is the solution, and there is no cause for pessimism; the time is drawing near when the revolutionary forces will link up for the one great purpose, and that will be the day when the "unhappy" forces linked up in the American Civil War of '64, and in Russia in 1917, so will the movements who stands for revolution when that moment arrives. The Australian Socialist Party will link up with any other party in Australia on principle based on the class struggle and revolution, but with REFORMERS—NEVER!

There is some wild talk going on just now about conscripting the Irishmen in Ireland. Unless they are precipitating a revolution in the "dear little Isle of the West," it is hard indeed to fathom their intention.

As one who has worked in the southern counties of Ireland, and who know the calibres of the sons of that benighted land, I feel safe in saying that they will oppose conscription to "the last man and the last shilling." This move on the part of the British Government to impose conscription on the Irish working-class will have an effect little desired by the capitalist class of Great Britain: it will be the means of removing the last trace of sectarianism which has kept the Irish from being a united people in the face of a common enemy (the capitalist class).

When the economic liberties of a people are menaced, there is going to be no question of what your neighbor's faith is, provided he is with you to defend your liberty and his own. When economic pressure is brought on by a common enemy to both, you unite for the common purpose. Bear this in mind, and this is the thing that makes us hopeful, the industrial unions of Ireland are stronger to-day than they have ever been, they are in a position to completely paralyse industry, and in some cases to work them to advantage for the workers' cause. So that being the basis, I look for victory even in sorely-bled Ireland. Suppression breeds revolt. Revolts are the forerunners of a revolution, and revolution breeds freedom, liberty and justice, provided the revolution succeeds in overthrowing the system which caused the ills of our social life. One with the war against capitalism! It is an international war, and the comrades in Ireland can rely upon the support of their revolutionary comrades in Australia. All Hail! INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIALISM! Revolutionists in Australia, draw closer.

Speak clearly if you speak at all;  
Carve every word before you let it fall.

—Holmes.

This advice must have been given for the benefit of the Socialist. No one needs it more. There are too many parading as Socialists, even in the Labor Party, who do not seem to know what Socialism stands for, and how it aims to overthrow capitalism. Socialism stands for the social ownership of the earth, and it means to bring it about by organising the working-class where they work, so that they will be able to manage the industries efficiently. Political action being a reflex of the industrial, will go hand in hand and will be got out of existence when the system for which it came into existence is overthrown. The political machinery will only be useful under capitalism to keep the club off the workers' heads while they are organising to overthrow capitalism on the industrial field.

When this war is over we can expect to see all the political Socialists slobbering over one another in an attempt to establish another international on political lines. They may manage, but it is futile and hopeless in the light of the past. Political "Internationals" do not count. Poli-

tics are based on geographical areas and cannot be international. Politics deal with that within the geographical territory and cannot have an international basis. Industrialism, on the other hand, is international. Its scope covers the whole earth. The exploitation of the working-class is the same in Japan as it is in Germany; the same in England as it is in Turkey. The workers are robbed by a class in their respective geographical areas who unitedly uphold the system under which they commit the robbery. The great possibility to come out of this war is the INDUSTRIAL INTERNATIONAL. If this could be accomplished on scientific lines, with the class war for a basis, we would be well on the way to hammering the last nail in the coffin of capitalism.

One of the greatest fiasco of modern times is the 8-hours' procession. In this annual exhibition of craft division and working-class lack of solidarity will appear 93 crafts, each under a distinct banner, bearing the legion, "A FAIR DAY'S WORK FOR A FAIR DAY'S WAGE."

It must be a pleasing sight indeed to the industrial Lilliputians to see this mighty Gulliver bound by lawsores of his own make. United, this force could break the chains of wage slavery for ever; divided as they are, their every effort is abortive. They are hopelessly entwined in legal formalities and court decisions, their hopes are turned to the political instead of to themselves. They spend over £40,000 per year on craft union secretaries, organisers, and office staffs in Melbourne alone. Sydney will be able to speak for itself—and not one amongst the recipients of this huge amount has the courage to advocate Revolutionary Industrial Unionism. Therefore, it is quite evident to any man who has the brains of the average cabbage that the movement for Revolutionary Unionism must come from the outside.

Do what you can inside to prevent your conservative union from making any more of a fool of itself than is possible, but join the revolutionary union of your class: the Workers' International Industrial Union fills the bill.

Aunt the above, it might not be out of place to quote the verses of Bert Bralley:—

The Giant sleeps upon his form,  
The Lilliputians bravely swarm,  
Their little kings and little lords  
Make mighty boasts and flash their swords,  
Crying aloud in swollen glee,  
"Behold, how strong and great are we!"

They have the Titan closely bound  
With stakes and hawsers—to the ground,  
They think—his slumber is so deep—  
That he will always be asleep,  
And fancy—though his strength is vast—  
That if he wakes he'll still be fast!

Poor little lords, poor little kings,  
So certain of your hold on things,  
Rule while you may and plot and scheme,  
Until the sleeper ends his dream,  
Your power dies—your scepter breaks  
When this huge giant, LABOR, wakes!

"What did you tell that man just now?"

"I told him to hurry."  
"What right have you to tell him to hurry?"

"I pay him to hurry."  
"What do you pay him?"  
"I pay him 1/- a day."  
"Where do you get the money to pay him with?"

"I sell bricks."  
"Who makes the bricks?"  
"He does."

"How many bricks does he make?"  
"Twenty-four men can make 24,000 bricks a day."

"Then instead of you paying him, he pays you to stand around and tell him to hurry."

"Well, you see, I own the machines."  
"How did you get the machines?"  
"I sold bricks and bought them."  
"Who did you say made the bricks?"  
"Shut up! The fools might wake up."  
—Nashville Advocate.



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## Romanoffs in Want.

Court Nobles and Ladies do Their Own  
Washing.  
Working in Vineyards for Miserable  
Pittance.

Washington, Friday.

Advises received here from Moscow  
state that the Romanoff family, who  
ruled in Russia before the revolution, are  
living in the Crimea, and are reported to  
be suffering from want. The Dowager  
Empress Maria Fedorovna with the  
Grand Duke and Duchess Xenia, and  
other members of the family, are allowed  
to spend only 400 roubles, in normal  
times, valued at £40, monthly.Many former courteous noblemen and  
ladies, who are staying with the Roman-  
offs, do their own washing, or work in  
the vineyards, sometimes earning four  
roubles (less than 4/- a day).—"The Her-  
ald," 13/4/18.Now that confirmation has been re-  
ceived from Washington at last, surely  
cynical sceptics will allow themselves to  
be persuaded as to the truth of the re-  
ports appearing from time to time in the  
daily newspapers regarding the preva-  
lence of famine in Russia.The propensity to ascribe to the whole  
population of any country the aspira-  
tions, joys and sorrows of a small sec-  
tion of the community—the result, no  
doubt, of a Quixotic policy of champion-  
ing the rights of the minority against  
the majority, the few against the many—  
has always been a feature of our daily  
press, and it now transpires that Russia,  
represented as being in a state of star-  
vation, is M. Nicholas Romanoff, his  
family, ex-court nobles and ladies.That a household should be expected  
to scour their own linen and keep body  
and soul together on the meagre pittance  
of £10 per week, is but another example  
of the nefarious administration of those  
gross-minded Bolsheviks.However, though it be cold comfort,  
we hasten to assure M. Romanoff that  
matters might be much worse.Here even in Australia, in this para-  
dise of the working class, many of us  
are still under the painful necessity of  
doing our own washing. Moreover, there  
are those among us, who, in addition to  
washing their own clothes, are obliged  
to wash those of other people, for far  
far less a sum than £10 per week. In  
fact, to attain such a competence would  
necessitate such a one officiating in the  
capacity of Queen of the Clothes Line in  
fifty respective households each week.Therefore, Citizen Romanoff, take  
heart and courage.Verily, he was a soothsayer who thus  
apostrophised Manuel of Portugal, on  
the occasion of the latter discovering in  
his pay envelope the fateful legend,  
"Your services are no longer required."Are you lonely, Manuel,  
There pretending all alone  
To a battered mouldy throne?

## Why don't you go to Work?

BY J. B. SCOTT.

Dan Jones was one of the more fortun-  
ate of workers, in fact he had an idea  
that he belonged to the "aristocracy of  
labors." He had been in constant employ-  
ment for several years with the one firm,  
and, like many others in that position, he  
believed that this state of things would  
continue forever. On account of the  
"mutual understanding" he had with the  
boss, he never gave the chances of getting  
the sack a moment's serious considera-  
tion.Dan belonged to the Painters' Union  
because he had to, but never lost an op-  
portunity of explaining that he com-  
manded the wages and conditions he was  
getting now, whether there was a union  
or not. Dan was proud of his nationality,  
and as loyal to his King and Empire as  
though he had a passing acquaintance  
ship with the gentleman and owned part  
of the empire. He hated loafers—at  
least the brand who have patches on the  
seat of their pants and boots down at the  
heel—and persistently asserted that no  
man who wanted to work needed to be  
out of work, and those men who were  
out were lazy good-for-nothings.In the same shop with Dan worked an  
Irishman by the name of Mike Flynn.  
Mike was a Socialist, and as such realised  
that unemployment was the outcome  
of capitalist production, and that the in-  
terests of the employing class and the in-  
terests of the employed class were as op-  
posed as the two poles. As Dan and Mike  
worked together on the same scaffold,  
they argued about this matter from 8 in  
the morning until 5 at night. Mike point-  
ed out that a boss only keeps a man as  
long as he is a good profit-making ma-  
chine, and that the difference between  
what the boss got for the job (after pay-  
ing full market value for the material),  
and what he paid out in the shape of  
wages was all part of the wealth pro-  
duced by their labor, and was known as sur-  
plus value. Mike took great pains to  
explain the cause of unemployment, so as  
to disabuse the mind of Dan that the  
workers could go to work any time they  
had a mind to."The working class all over the  
world," explained Mike, "with the aid of  
the modern machinery of production,  
create all the good things of life, and  
when they have created an abundance in-  
stead of sitting back and enjoying the  
fruits of their labor, the owner of the fac-  
tory closes down until such times as he  
gets rid of the surplus so created, and the  
diligent workers find themselves looking  
for another master." Mike looked on  
the while, and when Dan appeared to  
have digested this he proceeded, "The  
workers seem to know there is someone  
ready and willing to take the job they  
are in, for when they are working they  
speed themselves up, thereby creating  
more profits for the boss. Now do you  
understand why there is an unemployed  
army?"Dan put in an extra spurt announcing  
that such stuff was all tripe and nonsense.It was one afternoon about the be-  
ginning of winter, the biting wind cut  
through the shoddy clothes of Mike and  
Dan as they worked on the outside of a  
fashionable villa skirting the sea. Their  
ears were red and their noses blue as they  
stood on the ladders painting the frieze.  
Mike passed a remark about the amount  
of idle men, so aimlessly and dejected  
looking, who were passing the place,  
which drew from Dan, "Oh! yer on that  
again, are ye? Ye haven't convinced me,  
and I'm still of the belief that men are  
idle 'cause they're lazy, if they looked for  
it they could get it all right."He had no sooner got the words out of  
his mouth than a figure looking over the  
fence, hailed them with the salutation,  
"How's things, boys?""Not too good," replied Mike, as he  
wheeled round on the ladder and looked  
towards the gate. Dan only scowled at  
the hungry looking, badly clothed ques-  
tioner.

The idle one opened the gate and came

There are discords in the tune,  
Do not fret, my little man,  
Other Kings will get the can,  
You'll have company pretty soon."  
—B.B.toward the ladders; the two men had just  
finished their stretch and were coming  
down. As they reached the ground the  
stranger looked first to the one and then  
to the other, and began in rather a half  
ashamed way: "I've just arrived from  
New South, I've been around most of the  
shops, and there seems to be very little  
doing;" then turning to Dan, he said,  
"I'm broke, and I'm hungry, any chance  
of getting the price of a meal I'll pay  
you back if I strike a job."Dan glared and stammered for words,  
then blurted out, "No damn fear, no man  
can sponge on me, why the hell don't you  
work for it the same as I do?""That's all right," replied the stran-  
ger, "there isn't work to go round, and  
when you are in work you must under-  
stand there is someone else out of work."Mike intervened as the stranger's eye  
made rapid shifts in the direction of Dan.  
"Here," said Mike, holding a shilling in  
his hand which he had pulled from a cor-  
ner of his vest pocket, "take this, it's all  
I've got until pay day, but you're wel-  
come to it." Mike walked to the gate  
with the stranger, where they exchanged  
a few words and with an expression of  
thanks the stranger walked briskly down  
the street.Tom Dickson was the name of the man  
to whom Mike had given the shilling.  
He was a first rate tradesman who had  
made himself objectionable to the bosses  
of Sydney, owing to a too active advo-  
cacy of industrial unionism and his per-  
sistent attacks on the craft union officials,  
who were misleading his class and cater-  
ing to the needs of the boss. He had  
worked his passage, and had arrived in  
Melbourne a few days before. Tom had  
got the address of the shop in the short  
conversation with Mike, and as he neared  
the shop door he braced himself up and  
entered. A bell tinkled as he opened the  
door, and from an adjoining office ap-  
peared a portly individual in a grey  
check tweed suit; this was Jacob Kero-  
turps, of the firm of Keroturps and Slogit,  
painters and decorators."Good afternoon," said Tom, as he ap-  
proached the counter, "I'm just across  
from Sydney, and I've called in to see if  
you needed any hands."Mr. Keroturps eyed Tom in about the  
same manner as a horse dealer would eye  
a nag he was about to purchase, and with  
an assumption of superior patronage (so  
common among those who own the jobs),  
said: "Well, there isn't much doing, but  
you can call round in a day or two if you  
don't find anything."Tom thanked him, and was making for  
the door. Just as he had his hand on the  
nob Mr. Keroturps called him back,  
"D'ye hang paper?" he asked."Yes," said Tom, "I've considered a  
pretty fair paperhanger; I used to do all  
the hanging for Shoddyman of P—  
Street, Sydney." Mr. Keroturps scratch-  
ed his bullocky head as though in doubt,  
and in an abrupt way told Tom to come  
round in the morning and bring his tools,  
remarking as an afterthought, "It's only  
three rooms, but it will help you out a  
little bit."As the clock on the Town Hall struck  
8 Tom walked into the back shop, where  
he found the paste-board and scaffold all  
ready on the truck; the apprentice had  
made the paste, the paper had been tri-  
ummed on the machine the night before to  
save time; with this and the address of  
the job Tom wheeled the truck for sev-  
eral blocks, and was soon on the job. He  
set to work in a spirit of grim determi-  
nation, and by noon time he had three ceil-  
ings hung, by 5 o'clock he had one room  
completely finished, and a start made on  
another one. By noon time the following  
day he had finished the job and went  
round to the shop shortly after 1 o'clock.  
It was quite evident (in spite of the at-  
tempt to conceal it) by the look on Mr.  
Keroturps' face that he was pleased; no  
doubt he was running over in his mind  
the amount of surplus value Tom had  
created in twelve hours labor time. He  
told Tom to put in the afternoon where  
Mike and Dan were working and come  
round to the shop again in the morning.  
This went on for several weeks, and Tom  
was getting the best of the work, which  
was largely accounted for owing to

Tom's speed in hanging paper.

This found them in the worst part of  
the winter. Unemployment was more  
acute, and the Union had assessed their  
members 3/- a week to create a fund for  
the unemployed in their own trade. Each  
day found a dozen men at least round  
the shop applying for work. The job  
Dan and Mike were on was about finish-  
ed, and they had been informed by the  
boss that all that was in the shop was a  
small cottage, and not enough to keep  
three going on.Nearing knock-off time on Friday Mr.  
Keroturps arrived on the job with a lot  
of money. He paid Mike and Tom and  
led Dan aside, fumbling in his pocket he  
drew out a small envelope with the name  
of the worker and the amount of the as-  
sessment contained on the front; and the  
back appeared an advertisement to put  
your money in the State Savings Bank  
followed with the big type: "Buy a war  
bond today." This he handed to Dan,  
who looked on like an expectant stag-  
iel, wondering what was about to hap-  
pen. Keroturps patted Dan on the shoul-  
der in a paternal kind of way, and in-  
vited, to blunt Dan, "Things are  
mildling, Dan, but I'm afraid you'll have  
to take a day or two off."Dan looked bewildered, then asked in  
a mild manner, "Are you lasin' me, and  
keepin' on that stranger?""Yes," replied Mr. Keroturps, "but  
a paperhanger, on know, and it's most  
hanging I have to be, however, call round  
in a day or two, things might be a little  
for the better." With this parting shot  
Mr. Keroturps led off, his watch  
made for the door, but Dan, being new  
to his senses, Dan pushed him back,  
wrapped his overalls in a corner of  
paper, and started for home to break the  
sad news to his better half.A week passed, and Dan was still out  
of work. He had just managed to keep  
things going when he was work-  
ing steady and had nothing to come and  
go on; this was a catastrophe which had  
befallen Dan's home, and so unexpected.  
The other shops in the city had their own  
men waiting for whatever might turn up,  
and the chance of getting work outside of  
Keroturps' and Slogit's shop, where  
he was known, was indeed remote.The week lengthened into a month, and  
Dan was still a member of the unemploy-  
ed army, his condition was lamentable.  
One noon hour he chanced on a job where  
Mike and Tom were working; he came  
round the back and entered the door of  
the empty house just as Mike was taking  
the bills off the fire. As Tom came down  
stairs he was met by quite a different  
man who had refused him the price of  
a new two shoot months before. "Good  
day, Dan," cheerily called out Tom, "I  
was making for the sink to wash the  
paste and paper stains from his hands.  
"How's the things going? Ain't you  
a start yet?" Dan replied in the nega-  
tive.The two men sat on a plank and ate  
their lunch before the sink. Dan seemed  
top of the sink. During the lunch  
Tom started in a conversation which he  
adroitly directed in the channels of un-  
employment, he looked across to Dan,  
who was musing and looking at the de-  
pitted state of his boots and then ad-  
dressed the question, "What do you think  
about your old argument about the ones  
who are out of work being lazy, Dan?"  
Dan looked crestfallen, and did not ven-  
ture a reply. Tom continued, "Expe-  
rience teaches fools to be wise," is a true  
saying, Dan, and I have every reason to  
believe that your experience for the past  
month has learned you a lesson you are  
not liable to forget in a hurry. I don't  
want to rub it in, I'd be the last man to  
make the world to do that; I only want to  
make a few points clear to you."

Dan looked on without any comments.

"I told you one time before that if  
unemployment and the fear of unemploy-  
ment that make things as they are today,  
and that unemployment is as essential to  
capitalism as feathers are to a bird. When  
the labor market is flooded and men are  
plentiful wages come down, and the con-  
ditions of the workers generally is bad  
when labor is scarce conditions become  
better. At no time will any boss employ



## "And all things shall be added unto you."

J. A. DAWSON.

"Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
But two things stand like stone;  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own."

—A. L. Gordon.

In the working class movement, solidarity and practical sympathy is the greatest type of "kindness in another's trouble." A fighting spirit—the spirit of no-surrender and no-compromise is the courage needed "in your own" case.

This courage will carry you to victory if backed and supported by good weapons; namely, knowledge and organisation. With knowledge—the true knowledge of history and economics which the Australian Socialist Party strive to give to the workers—with such knowledge will come such a sureness—such a certainty that the working class will win; that it only remains for an organisation and numbers with courage, and cohesion, and VICTORY IS FOR THE WORKING CLASS.

Listen workers! Nothing is impossible in the way of social progress. Things do not stand still, and if you have not the courage to strike out for yourselves, the master class will, of sheer necessity, be forced to shackle you more firmly with the bonds of wage slavery.

But we of the Australian Socialist Party have confidence in the working class. We know that all they need is knowledge; and then they will exert their power. That is why we are optimists and enthusiastically carry on our work of education and agitation. Workers! ye who read this, what are YOU doing to help in the work of emancipation?

Workers! Do you doubt still, in spite of what has been accomplished in Russia?

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt."

Workers, you'll get nothing, but by the might of thine own strong arm.  
"That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cowardice in noble breasts."

Workers! We all of us strive for

a man who cannot produce a good bit more than what he receives in the shape of wages, and if one is more productive than the other the productive one will be kept on and the less productive will get the sack. You had worked in this shop for years, and the boss had you believe that you were part of the firm, and you believed it, too; I, a stranger, came along, you got the sack, and I was kept on, so you see the boss never allows silly sentiment to interfere with his profits.

"With our miserable craft unions and craft union officials we will accomplish very little towards making conditions better for the working class—that's ourselves—so, you see, Dan, the hope of the working class is in ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION of the workers based on industry instead of craft, bearing in mind all the while that the boss and the workers have nothing in common; when we organise in that manner we will not have to fear the other fellow coming along and taking our job. We will then be able to take and hold the means whereby we live and command the full product of our toil; we will be able to do what they have done in Russia, throw the parasite off our backs and establish the Industrial Commonwealth where each shall eat by his own labor. Remember this, Dan, under the capitalist system unemployment is inevitable, and when one man is in work another one is out of work. I've had a decent run, and I've decided to work my passage to Brisbane to catch the early spring work. Go back to old Kerotups and get your job and never refuse a man a shilling for a meal, and never ask another man to go to work in case he may do as I did, take your advice and your job at the same time."

The 1 o'clock whistle blew as Tom shook hands with Dan, bidding him goodbye, leaving Dan a sadder but a wiser man.

# The Russian Revolution.

## A Review and a Retrospect.

Compiled by J. A. D., W. H., J. B. S.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE).

The Cossacks had been given a democratic form of government two hundred years ago, and vast tracks of territory running in a thin but almost continuous strip from the Don to Eastern Siberia, in return for military services to the Czar. None of the Cossacks own land. Each village had an area of land allotted to it by the "krug" (Cossack military area and political province), and this was divided equally among the families of the village. Every twenty-five years the land was re-distributed. The allotments being from 50 acres in the Don region to 90 acres in the eastern "krugs." Thousands of Cossacks from the Don and Kuban, where the land allotments are not large and the population ever increasing had gone to work in mines and factories or as laborers on farms. The Cossacks of Western Siberia also had come under the influence of the great agricultural and min-

ing development of these regions, and were being gradually drawn closer to the Russian peasant and workman. Thus in many parts of the Cossack territories, where modern industries were beginning to spread, a Cossack bourgeois and proletarian class was gradually being formed. The class struggle, in fact, had commenced on the same lines as in the rest of Russia. At this period the Council of Workers' and Soldiers' Delegates in Petrograd had a special Cossack section which drew to it the members of the laboring Cossacks and those with little land; the latter were by instinct in full sympathy with the revolutionary democracy. But they are at present only the minority; the majority of Cossacks still have large land reserves. Their institutions, if democratic in form, are military in spirit. For instance, in the Councils the members are almost all officers, and the numbers of men elected from the ranks insignificant.

happiness. But do not look outside yourselves for it. Let old Bill Shakespeare counsel you—  
"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

If you want real happiness, to feel that you are really alive, come into the revolutionary movement and be a live wire. "This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." (G. B. Shaw.)

Be a fighter in Labor's army, feel the red blood course through your veins, know the real joy of existence when you know you are a force for Progress—when you know that you are helping to develop Labor's punch then life will open out to you as you never dreamed of.

Workers! It is no sacrifice to devote time and energy to Labor's cause. You will be well repaid by the increased joy in life. It is better to stand erect than to crawl on your belly.

Man, you are the greatest thing in the world. Man, you are the creator of history and civilisation, and, mark ye, civilisation is no myth: man to-day is capable of greater joy than ever previous, and also capable of greater misery. But the misery acts as a spur, and is forgotten in action. Society is not yet all that it shall be, we are not yet fully civilised. The civilisation that is to be will make present day society look like barbaric savagery.

But Man, you'll have to fight for it. Look not to the poets or the parsons for deliverance, but develop self-reliance in thine own might.

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from  
earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives airy  
nothings  
A local habitation and a name."

Workers! develop a punch—be a fighter. Keep your feet on solid earth and the Life Force will effervesce in your veins like champagne. Then you will be happy. Then you will be alive and also society will become worth living in.

Let me paraphrase Omar Khayyam and wind up with—  
"And this I know: whether the one True  
Light,  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me  
quite,  
One flash of it within the Labor Movement caught  
Better than in the Temple lost out-right."

M. Phillips Price, who took a trip right through Russia just prior to the Bolshevik coup d'état gives an account of the Orenburg Cossack Provincial Assembly which met early in October, 1917. The following is an extract:—

The Ataman, or headman, a sedate old general, led off with an address of welcome. The Cossacks were a free people, he said, who loved democratic institutions. They alone among the Russian people were inspired by patriotism. The Cossacks realised from the first that the Revolution was a national one, and had no international significance except in so far as it might be able to make Russia stronger in a military sense. Therefore away with all talk of a "democratic peace"! The Cossacks were fighters and not diplomats. Away with Revolutionary Councils financed by Jews. They must be abolished if Russia is to be saved. And wild applause went up from the generals and colonels on the front benches. Those sitting on the back benches sat and looked stolidly in front of them.

But the silent mass at the back of the hall began to become articulate. We heard at last the voice of the laboring Cossacks, and from those of the regiments at the front, which up to now had been drowned by the trumpet calls of the generals in the front trenches. The spokesman for the Cossacks in the south-western army was a handsome lad of twenty-five. He came dressed in the simple uniform of a Cossack horseman. Timidly he rose on the tribune and haltingly began. Unlike the Russian revolutionary soldier, he was unused to expressing his thoughts in words. But an impulse seemed to urge him to bring out an idea that lay within him. He struggled with the words, seemed to fail, began again, and pushed through. "Let not the Cossacks separate themselves from their brothers the Russian soldiers," he said, "for we are united in spirit with them. Our soldier comrades are weak, but their hearts are sound. If they do wrong things; if they fail sometimes, remember the slavery they have lived in. Blame the Czar's Government for that, and not the Revolutionary Councils. Let us help our brother soldiers and not embitter them against us. Let us work with the Councils which are trying to teach them self-reliance and self-respect. Only a union between Cossack and soldiers will save the Russian army. We Cossacks from the south-western army look on the Russian soldier as a brother failing sometimes through his weakness, but in spirit one with us, struggling upwards to the light."

A dead silence came over the hall as the speaker finished. The generals in the front were too astounded to utter a sound. Such a speech had never been made by a Cossack ranker in Orenburg before. And he had made it, too, without asking the permission of his superior officer! But before they had time to recover themselves the representative of the Cossack section of the Council of Workers' and Soldiers' Delegates, which contains Cossack workers and laborers from the factories and mines on the Don, rose on the platform and addressed the "Krug."

"We are all agreed," he said, "that there should be in Russia a strong government authority. But some people want

## The Harvest and the Harvester.

By F. SUTHERLAND.

The sower went forth to sow. He sowed dissension born of antagonistic economic interests, awakened and urged on the savagery latent in civilised man. In the name of truth he lied, and he called upon justice to justify his unjust remarks. He called freedom his friend, and his love of liberty his license when he advocated binding the limbs of democracy with the shackles of absolutism and selling liberty to its worst enemies.

He was as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Yet the servile press, ever willing to listen to and support the claims of wealth, advocated his false philosophy carefully irrigating and tending the seed sown by the wily exploiter. The pulpit, ever zealous in a "good cause," sanctified the vile sentiments, as it has done in all the ages of the past. It declared the cause of the exploiter a righteous one, and said that if the particular exploiter, whose money jingled in its capacious pockets, declared war at any time and for any cause and against any nation, that war was a holy war, and all who maintained the contrary were anathema, and the destruction of their souls was a certainty.

And the seed sown grew into an exceedingly bountiful crop. It increased fifty-fold, yea, an hundred-fold, so that all were amazed at its great growth. Nation was set against nation, and people against people. Distrust, envy, jealousy, bitter and untrue remarks were heard everywhere; and ever and anon the faithful servants of the exploiting husbandman, the press and pulpit, urged on the deadly campaign. They encouraged and threatened and cajoled and poured oil on the rapidly spreading flames of resentment until even the most timid declared the enemy must be annihilated.

The reaper went forth to reap. Thanks to his servants—the press and the pulpit—the reapers were many, and the harvest bountiful. The dead and wounded and crippled and blind and insane lay in hideous swaths across the blood red field of war. Here deserted or burned farm-houses and steadings; crops trampled into mire and mud under the hoofs of horses and feet of countless men, or seamed with wheel ruts where the heavy lumbering artillery had dashed past on their ghastly mission; there burning towns and villages, there streets uneven, pockmarked with holes caused by high explosive shells, and everywhere weeping women and wondering children, who sometimes cried in sympathy with their mothers, knowing only that something unusual was happening, but having no knowledge of the why and wherefore. Everywhere lamentation, the oaths of men, the wailing of women and children, and over all the cry for vengeance urges on the work of destruction. Higher and higher rises the mountain of corpses.

The harvester is amazed and thankful beyond words. When, in his spare moments, which are necessarily few because harvest is his busy season, he confides to his faithful servants in high places, and says exultingly, "My arms are sore with raking in the golden harvest of sovereigns, yet still they come—heaps of them, mountains of them—they are never ending. I never thought there was so much money in the world." And in the zenith of his extreme delight in the hysterics of transcendent rapture he cries aloud, "I will buy all civilisation, the whole world will be mine. Everyone must acknowledge me as supreme dictator. I will brook no opposition henceforth."

But he knows not that the knife that will explore the innermost recesses of his false heart is being whetted to a fine edge.

Nemesis will harvest the harvester.

to establish that authority by creating confidence and hope in the minds of the masses, and there are those who think they can establish it by the blood and iron of the old regime. We Cossack workers warn you officers against that thought. If you try to destroy the Councils you will poison the source whence courage and hope flow to the Russian masses. Start on this mad game

Continued on page 4.



## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

A Review and a Retro-spect.

Continued from Page 3.

if you will, but in that case you leave us behind you."

That was too much for the front bench generals. "Enough! Disgraceful! Insubordination!" was heard on all sides. Since the offender could not be court-martialed in a democratic assembly the next best thing to do was to exclude him and his associates from the sitting. It was therefore discovered that a number of members had incorrect mandates. By a curious coincidence the incorrect mandates all came from the Cossack ranks at the front who had been "poisoned" by contact with the revolutionary soldiers, and from the Cossack workers' section of the Council of Workers' and Soldiers' Delegates. These people did not represent the "Free Orendurg Cossacks." The one had been fighting for three years at the front, and the other had been intriguing from revolutions in Petrograd. So they were all excluded. Then the front bench generals and their obedient following of the older generation of ex-servicemen Cossacks from the villages continued their deliberation in peace in the name of the "Free Cossacks!"

General Tcheremissoff insisted upon the removal of the Petrograd garrison to the garrisonfront. The Bolsheviks urged the troops to disobey his orders. The Government suppressed two Bolshevik newspapers. On November 24th news came from Petrograd that the Council of Workmen and Soldiers had overthrown the Kerensky Provisional Government, and assumed power without meeting with serious opposition. The Bolsheviks led the uprising, sending an ultimatum to the Kerensky Government to surrender in twenty minutes. Kerensky fled from the city in a motor-car. The members of the Provisional Ministry were arrested and put in goal, to stand their trial for complicity in the reactionary rebellion of General Korniloff.

In a speech to the Soviet Lenin said: "We must take practical measures immediately to effect the promises given by the Bolshevik party. The question of peace is a burning one today; therefore, the first act of the new Government which is to be formed, is to offer to all nations a democratic peace based on no annexation and no indemnity. Such a peace is to be concluded not by diplomacy, but by the representatives of the people."

Toward five o'clock in the afternoon of November 8th, the Military Revolution Committee issued its proclamation stating that Petrograd was in its hands. It read: "To the Army Committees of the Active Army and to All Councils of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates and to the Garrison and Proletariat of Petrograd: We have deposed the Government of Kerensky, which rose against the revolution and the people. The change which resulted in the deposition of the Provisional Government was accomplished without bloodshed. Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates warmly welcome the accomplished change and prohibits the authority of the Military Revolutionary Committee until the creation of a Government by the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. Announcing this to the army at the front, the Revolutionary Committee calls upon the revolutionary soldiers to watch closely the conduct of the men in command. Officers who do not join the accomplished revolution immediately and openly must be arrested at once as enemies."

The Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates considers this to be the programme of the new authority:

- "1st: The offer of an immediate democratic peace.
- "2nd: The immediate handing over of large proprietorial lands to the peasants.
- "3rd: The transmission of all authority to the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates.
- "4th: The honest convocation of a Constitutional Assembly.

"The national revolutionary army must not permit uncertain military detachments to leave the front for Petrograd. They should use persuasion, but where this fails they must oppose any such action on the part of these detachments by force without mercy. The actual order must be read immediately to all military detachments in all arms. The suppression of this order from the rank and file by army organisations is equivalent

## A. S. P.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

## MELBOURNE NOTES.

At a meeting of the Italian Club, to protest against conscripting Italians resident in Australia, Charlie Dunn's was the only voice to put the true working-class attitude. He urged the men to cease to be Italians, but to become conscious of themselves as workmen. By keeping themselves aloof from the rest of the working-class and simply handing themselves over as Italians, they could do little to safeguard themselves from the attacks of capitalistic governments. Only when all working men and women came together as a class internationally would they be able to defend themselves against such acts as the one protested against. There are only two nations in the world so far as workmen are concerned, and they are working class and the capitalist class.

On Thursday night, April 11, the Trades Hall Council, in spite of strong recommendations from representatives of the Political Labor Council in favor of helping recruiting, rejected by a majority of twenty the recommendation of Trades Hall Executive to accept the Governor-General's invitation to the Recruiting Conference, on the ground that the Council was in favor of peace, and the only way to bring about peace was to cease fighting. Great applause greeted the announcement that the Queensland Trades and Labor Council had taken a similar attitude.

Mr. F. Lunde, who is representing the South Australian Labor Party at the Governor-General's Conference, takes his stand on the following essentials:—"Stoppage of profiteering, placing the administration of the War Precautions Act, moderation of the censorship, release of all political prisoners, removal of the registration of unions, the dropping of conscription, and the publishing of more reliable war news." No word about peace in that. We rejoice to know that the Industrialists have taken up a more uncompromising attitude, and have given the political a much needed slap in the face. The Industrialists speak more truly for Labor, because they represent directly the voice of the workers, while the Labor politicians try to represent all classes, and hence weaken Labor's demands.

The "Age," in a leading article on Saturday, April 13, states that the people of Australia are riding on the crest of a boom of popularity. We went to know who "the people" are, as numerous items appear in the daily press as to distress and unemployment among the workers. This so-called "boom of prosperity" has not come the way of the working-class. "Trade is swollen and unhealthy," says the "Age," and "collapse it must" as soon as the war is over. There is something rotten in the State of Denmark, when unemployment is so apparent, when trade is so brisk. Workers! It is useless asking for redress. You must organize industrially and politically and "take" the good things of life produced by the working-class.

The enemy does not worry over Labor though it wails over the poor Ex-Czar of Russia. "Romanoffs in want" says a leading article in the "Herald." "Court nobles and ladies do their own washing." Oh, how awful! The Empress and Grand Dukes and Duchesses are only allowed 100 roubles (£40) a month to spend! Things are terrible in Russia! Why, ex-army officers have even to do manual work in order to provide for themselves and families. "We must crush Bolshevism in Australia," says the "Herald," or a similar state of affairs may be brought about here. Fancy, if some of our "society" dames of Toorak had to do their own washing! And hubby, who now makes a good living playing on the Stock Exchange or going to the office for an hour or so a day, had to "work"!!

Peter Simonoff, the Bolshevik Consul-General, lectured at A.S.P. Hall on Sunday, April 14th, on the organizing of the Russian Revolution. He took offence at classing and comparing the Mensheviks with our Australian Labor Party, which, he said, had not an atom of revolution about it. But the facts are against Comrade Simonoff. Although the Mensheviks may have been revolutionists in peace time, they were not revolutionists in war time, and their tactics as a faction, ever since August, 1914, have been on a par with the Australian Labor Party, taking into account the difference in local color and climate. Any reader

lent to a great crime against the revolution and will be punished by all the strength of the revolutionary law.

"Soldiers! For peace, for bread, for land, and for the power of the people!"  
"The Military Revolutionary Committee."  
(To be continued).

reading the review of the Russian Revolution now appearing in the "I.S." can see this for themselves. Several of the Russian Comrades agree with us in our interpretation. Comrade Simonoff is by temperament one unfitted to be an active revolutionary. He wishes to gloss over differences, and be a happy family group, but the facts are against him in this case.

Re Joe Swobless's complaint about an untrue statement in these notes. He himself admits that the V.S.P. offered to withdraw their speaker so as to oust the A.S.P. speaker at the Russian Revolution Anniversary, and this in spite of the fact the Russian Delegates maintained that J. B. Scott was the only English speaker, who could put up the case for the Russian Revolution as it should be interpreted. In spite of the fact that the Australian Labor Party refused to participate in the Anniversary celebration, the V.S.P. wished, as usual, to push forward Labor politicians if it was at all possible to stifle the voice of a revolutionist. As far as himself is concerned, the V.S.P. always reckon it a feather in their cap if they can fight with Labor politicians.

A new organisation has sprung into the arena in Melbourne, it is the "One Big Union Propaganda League," with the objective: "the systematic organisation of propaganda among wage workers, both inside and outside the existing trade unions, on the necessity of industrial organisation" on practically the same lines as advocated by Workers' International Industrial Union, viz., a general organisation formed of six industrial departments, composed of National Industrial Unions, which are constituted of Local Industrial Unions.

At the meeting of Local No. 2 of the W.I.U. held on April 17th, it was decided to give the Propaganda League all the support possible in as far as the new body carries out its slogan, "Educate to Emancipate," and constructive organization of that "Industrial Unionism" by which the workers will build within the shell of capitalism the structure of the new society, which will finally break the fetters of wage-slavery and establish Industrial Democracy."

—Press Correspondent.

## NEWTOWN BRANCH.

A meeting of Newtown Branch, A.S.P., was held on Thursday April 10th, 1918, and amongst other things a letter was read from Com. R. Everitt, tendering his resignation from the branch, his purpose in so doing was to draw attention to the charges made against him by Judd, of the S.L.P., who said, in conversation with Everitt, who is editor of the "I.S.," "it is common talk in Newtown branch that you have suppressed at least 3 articles on unity," and, of course a statement like that is rather a flattener to any man, and most of all, to members of Newtown branch, who one and all, have no knowledge whatever, of any such happening, and are not in the least backward in expressing a rather unfavorable opinion of any miserable cur, who hasn't stomach enough to make any charge openly and fairly. However, we dealt with the matter in the only decent manner possible, by passing the following resolution: "That this branch disclaims all knowledge of any articles on unity, or anything else, being suppressed by the Editor of the 'I.S.," as stated by Judd of the S.L.P., and expresses its unbounded confidence in Com. R. Everitt put and carried unanimously.

In passing members generally expressed the opinions, that of individuals who pride about unity, were as eager to listen to common-sense and facts, as they are to fill gossip unity would be here, and now, not in the hazy future, as it is.

At any rate, if unity is to be accomplished a hell of a lot of individuals will have to quit trying to apply the doctrine of constant sin to revolutionary socialism, and generally behaving like a lot of goats. We members of Newtown Branch, A.S.P., always expect people claiming to be socialists, to behave like one, at the least any other sort of behavior won't do us at all.

P. PREW, Sec.

## "THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST."

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